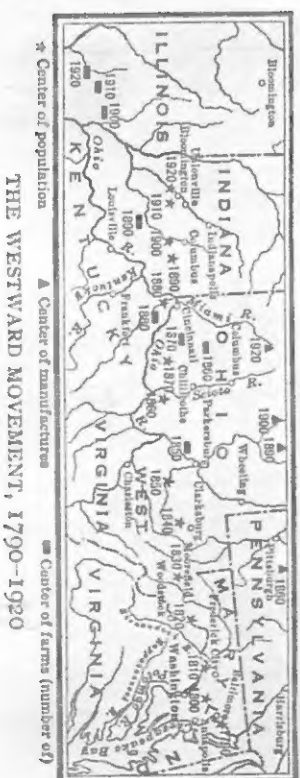




Trail of the Mormon Pioneers From Nauvoo to Great Salt Lake, Naming Principal Landmarks, Cities, Rivers, and Mountains.



Quick Stop: Revisiting the days of the epic West

By James Joseph 10-11-87

To the 300,000 emigrants who headed west on the Oregon Trail, "Laramie" was a lone spot of civilization and security on the vast, unfriendly plains.

To buckskinned, fearless trappers—the vaunted Mountain Men—who had arrived years earlier in what would become the Wyoming Territory, it was "Fort William," the stockaded trading post built at the meeting place of the North Platte and Laramie rivers by their own kind: enterprising, renowned trapper-trader William Sublette and his partner, William Anderson, who gave the fort their common first name.

To the region's Indians—Sioux, Cheyenne and Arapahoe—it was a place to trade, treaty and learn the white man's ways.

To Maj. W.F. Sanderson, who arrived there in June 1849 with orders to establish a fort to protect the growing wagon traffic on the Oregon (Overland) Trail, it was an unexpected bargain. For \$4,000—less than half its cost to build—he bought the

Practical information:

If you send a stamped, business-size envelope to the Nantucket Information Bureau, 25 Federal Street,

capture the Old World. Each fall artists and retirees succumb to the attraction and join the 5,700 who call this historic town home all year round.

But we "off islanders" stand on the departing ferry's stern deck tossing crackers to swooping gulls until the "Little Gray Lady," as Nantucket is affectionately called, dissolves into the mist.

of tall-masted sailing ships lying at anchor in the harbor.

Brant Point's beacon revolves, piercing the gloom. The soft, wet air is permeated with the tang of tar, bait, and kelp. Missing only is the odor of sperm oil being transformed into candles. Before the Revolutionary War, Colonial craftsmen here supplied illumination for half the capitals of the civilized world.

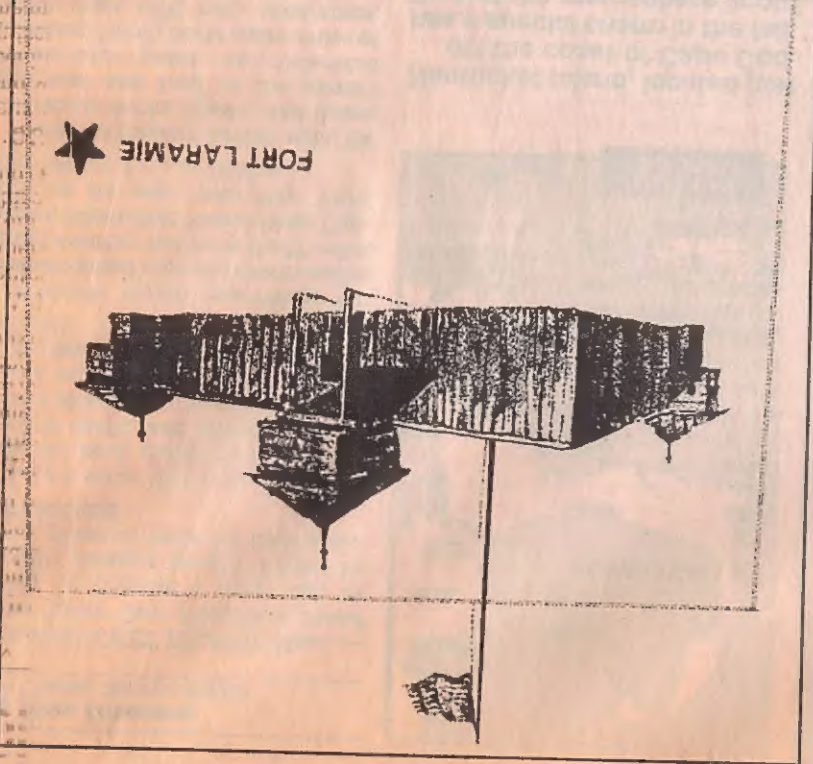
The silence is punctured only by a melancholy foghorn, the cry of a gull, the muffled clang of the bell buoy beyond the channel entrance,

Directly south of town, a scenic four-mile ride, is Surfside, a favorite beach for picnics. The Gulf Stream keeps Nantucket's waters surprisingly warm for early fall swimming. On this South Shore, waves roll in from tropical storms and crash onto broad, deserted beaches.

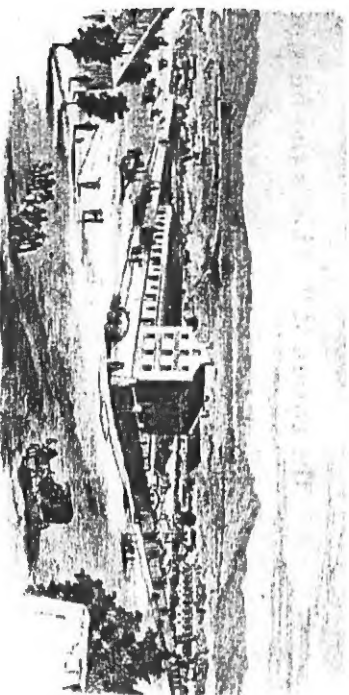
Nor'easter winds also blow in storms. In the calm aftermath of these, days can be as gentle and warm as summer, but the atmosphere is of such crystalline clarity that from a clifftop on Nantucket Sound you can almost count the bent cedars over on Cape Cod.

range from splurges to bargains includes, among many others, the splendidly restored 1845 Jared Coffin House, the elegant 112-unit Harbor House and Cottages, the large Beachside Motel, and dozens of cozy bed and breakfast inns like the Wood Box (an authentic 1709 treasure), Chestnut House, Ship's, or Fair Winds. Rooms for two range from \$45 to \$235 a night.

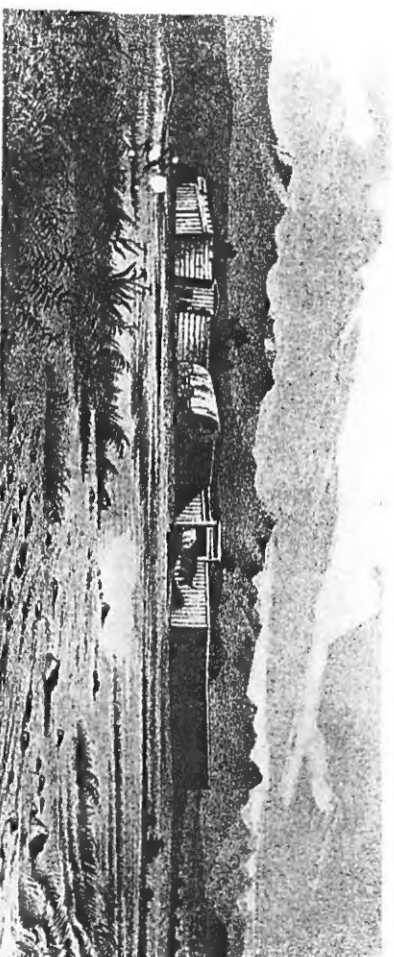
Some shopkeepers, exhausted by the hectic summer, may lock their doors, but in general September's end-of-season sales in handcrafts, antiques, along with







End of the trail: part of Salt Lake City as it looked around 1856



FORT BRIDGER. HEADQUARTERS OF GREEN HILL.

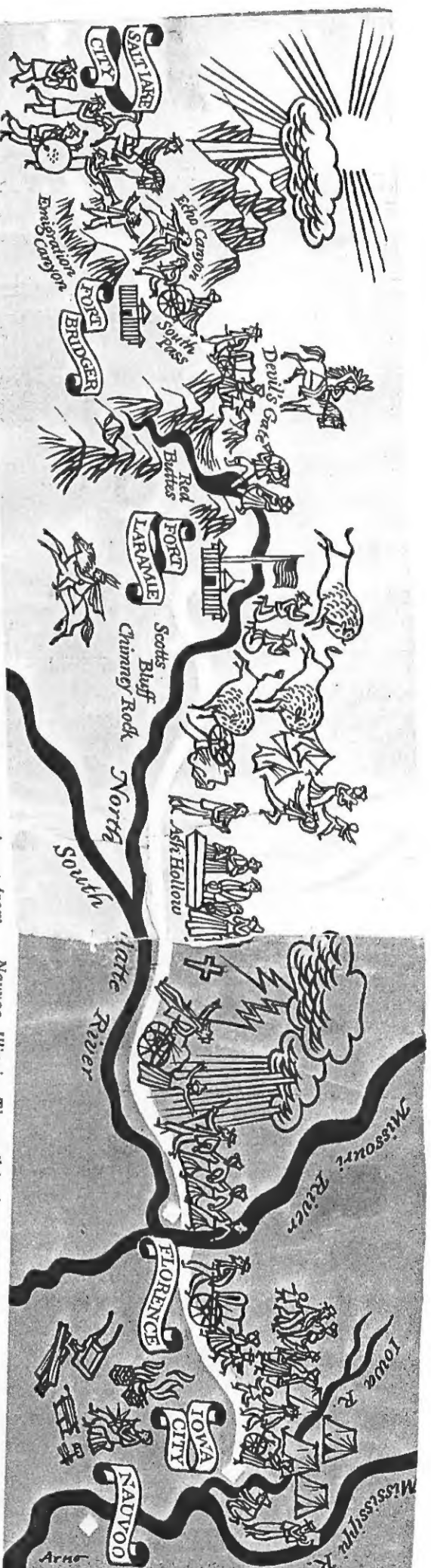
After months of travel

Fort Bridger in 1849. This is probably much the same as it was when the Donner Party stopped there for four days at the end of July, 1846. From Stensbury's Exploration and Survey of the Valley of Great Salt Lake.

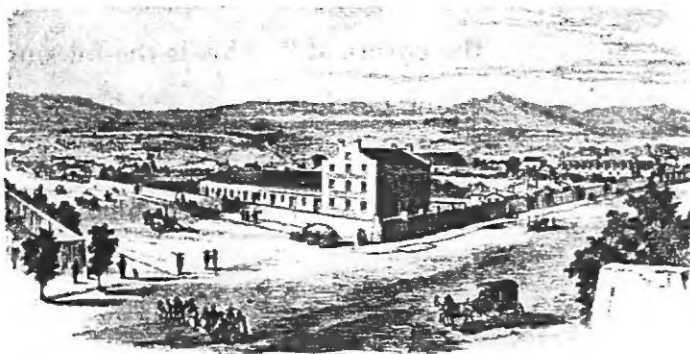


Fort Laramie, last settlement before the Rocky Mountains, as it was depicted some years prior to the handcart trek by the great artist of the early West, Alfred Jacob Miller

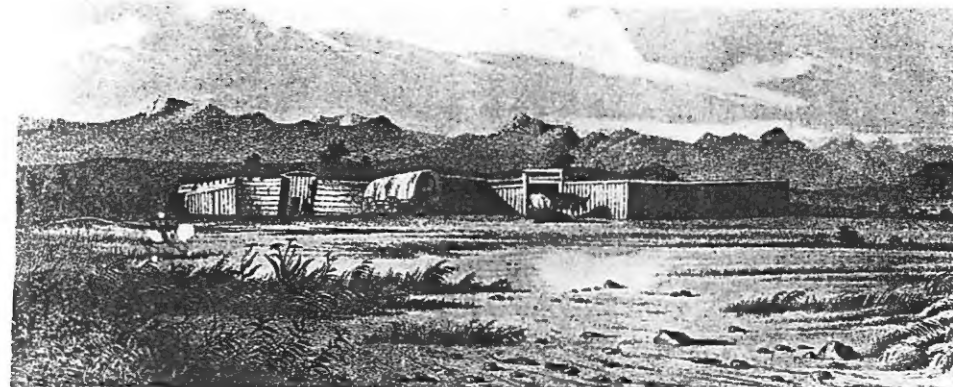
For some must push and some must pull
As we go marching up the hill,
As merrily on the way we go
Until we reach the Valley, oh.



Mormon Trail, first taken by the original settlers of Salt Lake City in 1847, after they were forced to depart from Nauvoo, Illinois. The trail is shown at the left on a map of the modern U.S.A.



End of the trail: part of Salt Lake City as it looked around 1856



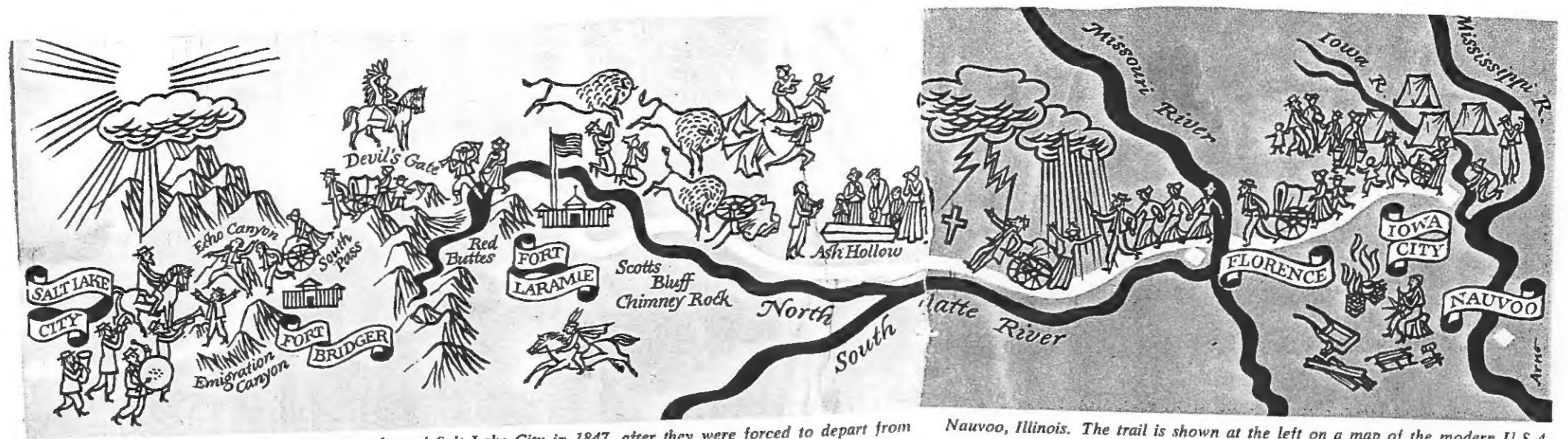
FORT BRIDGER, BLACK'S FORK OF GREEN RIVER

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